From "I Am a Patsy! I Am a Patsy," book manuscript of George De Mohrenschildt, Dallas FBI file 89-43-1AB-352

.y that indeed Lee was unquestionably the lone and only assassin. .thout any facts and Lee dead, everyone in Haiti considered him the :sassin. Even cynical and well informed European diplomats in Haiti :re of the same opinion. But they began to grumble asking themselves ıe same question:"where is the motif?"

Now something unusual happened. A gray-suited, bulky, Miami suntanned, ith false teeths and an artificial smile, Mr. W. James Wood, an Agent of BI arrived in Port-au-Prance for the sole purpose to make me deny a tatement I had made to my friends and to the political officer at the mbassy. What was this disturbing statement? I had contacted a government nan in Dallas, the only one I knew personally, probably a CIA agent, or possible an agent of FBI, a very nice fellow by the name of J. Walton Moore. Looks like it's a specialty of these government agents to have a capital letter instead of the first name. Purely AngloSaxon, you know... Anyway Mr. J. Walton Moore had interviewed me upon my return from a government mission to Yugoslavia and we got along well. He had lived in China, was born there as a matter of fact, in a missionary family. So I invited him and his wife to the house and he got along

fabulously well with Jeanne. I used to see Mr. Moore occasionally for lunch. A cosmopolitan character, most attractive. A short time after meeting Lee Harvey Oswald, before we became friends, I was a little worried about his opinions and his background. And so I went to see Mr. J. Walton Moore to his office, in the same building I used to have my own office, Reserve Loan Life Building on Ervay Street, and asked him point blank. "I met this young ex-Marine, Lee Harvey Oswald, is it safe to associate with him?". And Mr. Moore's answer was:"He is OK. He is just a harmless lunatic."

That he was harmless was good enough for me. I would decide for myself whether Lee was a lunatic...

And that was the statement which greatly disturbed W. James Wood and his superiors. And that same statement disturbed later Albert Jenner, a counsel of the Warren Committee, when I gave my testimony. As disturbed Jenner was and he knew that my testimony was truthful, W. James Wood who came to see us in Haiti was more than disturbed. He tried to make me deny this statement And so we were sitting in a luxurious Embassy room, staring with animosity at each other, and this repulsive, replete bureaucrat dared to tell me:"you will have to change your statement."

"What do you mean?" I asked incredulously.

our President's assassin was a harmless lunatic."

"False statement! Man, you are out of your mind!" I answered sharply.

And so the gray-suited man in no uncertain terms threatened me: "unless you change your statement, life will be tough for you in the States."

"Nuts!" Was the only answer I could make.

After meeting Mr. W. James Wood, I immediately began having doubts of Lee's guilt. And while I was talking to him, the conversation lasted quite some time, he constantly tried to intimidate me reminding me a lot of undesirable people I had met in my life and puritanically challenging me on the grounds of moral turpitude, i.e. too many women.

I told this obnoxious FBI agent that either FBI or CIA or any other agency was in any way implicated in President Kennedy's assassination. I just took a precaution which seemingly backfired. But I did imply that these government agencies were negligent. Still my statement was of utter importance to FBI and Mr. Wood and he kept on trying to force me to deny it.

I cathegorically ~~denied~~ refused to deny anything and we ended this stormy session without shaking hands.

Then my wife went through the same routine. Threats and allusions t

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in Haiti!
a year before we met the Oswalds and we arrived in this island nine months before all hell broke lose in Dallas - and we were living there without interruption all during this time.

And so after a few particularly insisting reporters kept on calling me, and spending their evell money, I would hang-up.

But the worst was the attitude of the Ambassador Timmons, the charge d'affaires Curtis and all the other sycophants. But more on that subject later.

Then came an offer for us to appear on a televized interview for the NBC's The warren Report. The reporter's name was George McMillan and he asked if he could come all the way to Haiti to visit us. He sounded like an intelligent man and was provided with a good recommendat: ion by a mutual friend. I did not commit myself to a televised interview but told McMillan that hew was welcome to visit us in Haiti.

A gruesom incident took place the day of his arrival at the old Port-au-Prince airport. After a season full of invasions - a group landed fro Cuba and made havoc all over Estern Haiti. They were well armed, familiar with the terrain and murdered indiscriminately. Eventually all of t

them were executed by the faithful "tonton-macoutes", TN's as we used to call them all then. One of the invaders was brought in to Port-au-Prince, publicly executed and to show the Haitian populace that it wouldn'd pay to attack Papa Doc and his government: the dead body was then exhibited on the plaza near the airport with all the supplies and ammunition. The exhibit was attached to the chair and the swarm of flies around him was like a funeral smoke.

When McMillan, an experienced newsman arrived, he saw the commotion and the crowds surrounding the body. I did not want him to see the gruesome and drove around it a t full speed without comment. Later in the evening, however, around the drinks, he began to talk about it

Incidentally when we invited McMillan we were not sure whether he wanted to talk to us about Oswald or about the situation in Haiti, which was the center of attention at the time. Since I was in charge of the geological Survey and the only American working independently in Haiti at that time, I thought that McMillan wanted an interview with me. And I certainly knew the situation well, and it was different from what the American press had described. In my opinion Dr. Duvalier was an advocate o f the poor Blacks against the rich, French-educated Mulattoes.

This was a simplified version of the situation but better than the full condemnation of the Devalier regime in Graham Green's "The Comedians".

Anyway, I didn't want him to see that dead man attached to the chair without giving him some facts surrounding the execution. What an impact his report would have on the public in USA if he would start it with the statement about the dead body and the flies.

We brought McMillan to our house because he seemed as a very pleasant individual. He had told us that he defended Blacks' equal rights and that somewhere in the Carolinas, where he lived, KKK burned crosses on his lawn and forced him to leave. Anyway we wanted all our friends who came to visit us in Haiti to know the true facts about the regime- the good and the bad.

Later on when we sat on our terrace to the sounds of the delicate tinkling of "anolis" - small lizzards - and looking at the fatastic view of the City and the dark Bay, McMillan mused aloud:"why didn't you want me to see the cadaver?". He stopped suddenly as a huge tarantula moved slowly on its long legs close to him, He shuddered. "Don't worry, I reassured him, "this big ones are not dangerous, only the small ones.

"Very simple, I didn't want you to see the dead guerilla, without telling you the facts surrounding his death first." I explained. "After all, Papa Doc is my employer."

But instead of listening to me, or even answering, McMillan launched into the diatribe about the great program NBC were preparing about Warren Report, that we would be the main personalities in it etc. He even offered to bring in the whole TV crew, if we accepted. But sick of all this unwanted publicity, we refused firmly.

Fortunately George McMillan turened out to be an interesting and pleasant a good tennis player. He did not waster his time altogether and we being boycotted by the Americans in Haiti were glad to have with us a liberal, independent person. He left Haiti two days later aking us to re-consider our decision and mentioned a substantial fee.

I asked several friends for adfice regarding this TV matter and they all answered that remaining silent and invisible would ham us. "You are the only ones who could say a few kind words about Osvald," wrote one of my best friends who had met Lee and wasn't entirely convinced of his guilt. "This national TV appearance would dispeal the dangerous aura of mystery in your relationship with Lee," wrote anotehr.

And so, after battling it between us back and forth, we reconsidered our decision, I called McMillan and arrangements were made immediately by NBC to bring us and our faithful pooches to New York City.

The weather was stormy, we had circled for two hours over the city, but the ordeal was over and we landed safely. NBC ~~xxxxxxxx~~ reserved for us an apartment at the Plaza Hotel and the next day we spent the ~~wh~~ whole afternoon in fron the the camefas.

And again, as the interview progressed, it became obvious that the producer and McMillan tried to make me say something derogatory about L Lee and to drag out of me insidiously some damaging comment to his memory. To them he was definitely the assassin and we, possibly, the conspirators or his secret advisors. As Jeanne and I were positive in our non-sensational statements, the whole interview did not make any sense. We were invited to New York on wrong premises that either we would produce some inside information or would prove to millions of Americns who would watch the show that Lee was the only assassin.

Since the Warren Committee, slanted as it was, could never find any reason in Lee's involvment in this crime "of the century", the promo -

ters of the FBI show hoped that i, as his best friend would finally explain his insane action. And that was the reason why we were brough in to New York.

And to Jeanne and I, who did not have any more information than anyone reading newspapers and magazines, Lee remained the same person we knew - eccentric, interestic, warm, close friend and we never considered him seriously as President Kennedy's assassin.

Of course, insanity is a possibility but all the previous incidents and conversations with Lee did not sujest impending insanity. Nor was he ever to us a poor loser, a stupid high-school dropout, a bloodthirsty revolutionery nor a person jealous of other people's success and money. Such people are met everydays on the streets of any American city in groves.

The enclosed picture of Lee with the rifle and Marina's inscription would indicate that he might have been considering hunting fascists -and in his mind General Walker was one - but certainly not our president Kennedy.

A few days later, while still in New York, was saw a complete 40 minutes preview of our appearance, and again we saw what a poor job we did trying to present Lee's side. And later, the worse parts of these

forty minutes interview were used for an hour show, called "The Warren Report" that so many millions saw.

It was alike a McCarty era, the time of the government's witchhunt against the "leftists". This was a general hunt, government's and media's against a defenseless dead man.

Upon return to Haiti we knew immediately that something went awry with our relationship with the Haitian government. Usually, we used to go through customs first, cheerfully greeted by Mr. Jolicoeur, a clown-like but charming public relations man for Papa Doc. This time our luggage was searched subrepticiously while militia examined our papers in a different parts of the building. When out luggage and we were reunited - the bulk of maps and information I had carried with me were stolen.

Since they were my property, I lodged a strong protest with our Embassy and the Duvalier's cabinet. Both parties laughed at me.... What maps? What search? Where were you? How naive can you be...

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gher, and she was famous before I met her and ruined her career with my own adventurous deals and this walking trip; I traveled even more as a petroleum consultant, had several wives and was part of the "so called" establishment, mainly for business reasons. People in the "jet-set" or the "café society" are really very boring, the same world over, while an eccentric like Lee, was of great interest to me.

In other words, we were successful in our own fields and neither one of us never, but never, paid any attention to politics in the United States, left or right.

My early scrap with FBI dates from 1941, soon after my arrival in the United States. At that time I was very young, had some money which I brought from Europe and made a little more in this country and about to be drafter to the US Army. Frankly I was not in a very militaristic mood at the time, as the Germans saved my father from the Russians. We are of, so called, Baltic descent, which means a mixture of people of Scandinavian, German, French and other lineages, descendants of the knights who had conquered Estonia, Latria, Finland and even parts of Russia.

Now, many of the Balts were German oriented, but I

I had relatives of this type, personally I was French-oriented. I also had spent two painful years in the Polish Military Academy and later "maneuvering" on horse-back around the Soviet border, a rather dangerous occupation. So I was about to be drafted in the United States Army and did not feel very enthusiastic at the prospect to start in the boot-camp all over again.

But, instead, the doctors found that I had a very high blood pressure and declared me unfit for service. I still suffer from this high blood-pressure, so really I owe my life to the good American doctors who had discovered it so early. Now I can keep it under control.

At that time I was not yet an American citizen, but a resident of New York, and madly in love with a Mexican young widow, whom we shall call, Senora L. After meeting her in New York, I asked a Brazilian friend who knew Senora L. well:"I am madly in love with her, shall I marry her?"

"If you marry her, you will be unhappy. If you do not marry her-you will be unhappy also," answered my friend smilingly.

Of course, he was absolutely right. But still we were madly in love with each other. And so, she invited me to drive with her across the

United States to her own country Mexico, which she would explore with me. She had been brought up in Europe and lived there most of her life, hence her lack of knowledge of her own country.

Incidentally, she spoke very little English, and I very little Spanish, so we communicated in French, which probably made us most suspicious to FBI. Maybe someone denounced us? We both had enemies. Anyway, our delightful trip in a new convertible Chrysler, along the Eastern shore, then along the Gulf of Mexico was rudely interrupted. This happened near Corpus Christi, Texas, where we had rented an apartment in the Kneeces Hotel as Mr. and Mrs. X (I fogot the fictitious name we used). We left the hotel early to go to the beach at Aransas Pass and spent a delightful day there. I like to paint water-color landscapes with beautiful female bodies in the foreground, and I made several sketches.

Driving back from the beach, we were stopped on a deserted road by a bunch of people, who, we thought were plain American gangsters. We had little money with us, the car was insured, so we stopped without too much fright. The characters identified themselves: they were FBI agents who had taken us for German spies observing United States fortifications...

When I was telling the story to Lee, he could not stop laughing. "This is so typical of FBI. Taking you, at that time you were a reserve officer in an Allied Army, driving along the coast with a beautiful Mexican woman, talking French to her, and painting...." He guffawed. "You were a typical German spy."

But, my friends, don't laugh at FBI's ingenuity. Soon after having verified our papers and listened to angry Spanish shrieks of Senora L. - they had followed us to the hotel and inspected our luggage -the agents realized they had made a foolish mistake. I even understood that one or two of them followed us all the way from New York (another expense to the American taxpayer, but he is always the vicitm), so the mistake was a very costly one. And so I was accused of an infraction to the old Mann's Act. Mann Act prohibits, still does, crossing the ~~xxxxx~~ border from one state to another with a woman who is not your wife for the purpose of committing a licencious act....

Of that, we were certainly guilty, we had crossed dozens of borders on the way to Mexico and committed dozens, maybe hundred of licencious acts. However, we were not put in jail, just had to sign some papers that we were not married and proceeded all the way to the Mexican border. We felt as if someone dirty put his filthy hands in

our very personal affairs. Jenorm L. made a strong complaint to the Mexican Ambassador in Washington and received much later apologies from the FBI agent... As far as I am concerned, five years later, when I was applying for United States citizenship in Denver, an FBI agent came to the hearing and reopened the case, accusing me of immorality and of a flagrant infraction of the Mann Act.

I still would like to find out some day what kind of a puritannical, hypocritical, job this Mann was...

I already passed my citizenship examinations without a single mistake and was holding an important position with a group of oil companies. So I did get a defence. My lawyer threatened the FBI agent of a personal damage suit in the amount of a million dollars, for damage done to my reputation. And so, the Mann Act was quickly forgotten, the judge laughed at the FBI story, and I was made American Citizen. Maybe not first class, because naturalized, but a citizen still.

And Lee concluded:"and so you lived forever afterwards happy as a naturalized American citizen."

"You don't realize, Lee, how important it was for me to be a citizen, as I became after the war a man without a country, a "heimatloss"."